

Howe Gelb, Neon Filler

Things could have been better
they sure could not have gotten much worse
when there were tears out in the alley
and laughter waiting out front in the hearse
and there's remark about contender
repulsa ain't too hard to find
conclusion based on surrender
and the general dismissal on the merit of mankind

the snakes and the saw-tooths
they lay loving the buck
and spending all their time
setting up camp and
running amuck

{CHORUS}
Light is not the neon filler
(not the memory of the sun filled days)
not the memory of sun filled days by solar spark
(light is the mooses)
light is the mooses
splitting the waves in a sea so dark

there's a town in the high desert
where doctor gene scott
says the demons run alongside a chunk of heaven hovering there
where the wind in the image of the throne rides shotgun
riddles of the wonderment,
wonders of the firmament
and me laid up,
laid off and laying low

{CHORUS}

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they sure could not have gotten any worse
tears out in the alley way
and laughing waiting out front there in the hearse

{CHORUS}